Crypt. They treated him like a criminal. Why?

Porko told him. Little Eva thinks you killed Deane. You shot him!

Ridiculous, Johnny said. Deane was his colleague, his friend at Emile Durkheim House. Deane shot himself.

Then he realized Porko's strategy. The tenants were listening, through the muck of psychotropic medication. Everything stuck in that mud, and stayed. To them he would always be....

A MURDERER!

Over the sirens, he heard Porko inquire, in his politest voice, what else he thought was buried there, with Natasha's dog?

When did they throw the switch?

*****

Johnny never did anything medical right away. He preferred to visit the doctor's office once or twice before his appointment. This appointment was only for blood work, a cholesterol test, but it posed a problem because he had to fast for 12 hours before it. He hoped the fast didn't include coffee, because when he went longer than 8 hours without coffee he got sick. He got a headache and threw up.

The Lab was on the ground floor of a brand new 10 story building on Rancidvale. Conveniently located across the street from The Ptolemy Lodge, an old folks' home.

The Lab did a brisk business in blood and urine from the folks. St. Joseph's Hospital was one block west. The locos called it Joe's Garage. Once Johnny sent someone there, from the group home where he worked. The man was diagnosed with schizophrenia (it changed from month to month); he'd beat up his support worker. The psychiatrist at Joe's Garage was sending him home, without even adjusting his meds. Johnny said he was sorry to be such a nag, but he had schizophrenia, and he'd just beat up his colleague. Which he'd wanted to do himself, for years.

The shrink said people got beat up in bars all the time, and giggled. He was a young psychiatrist. Johnny reminded him. It was a residential treatment facility. By then the man was beating up someone else, right at the hospital....

The receptionist was on break, but there was a big roll of tickets, as in a bakery, so he took one. Everybody had to take a number. His was seven.

Hearing a familiar hoarse voice, Johnny recognized a woman from the Crazy House. Well, he heard her say philosophically, to the social worker escorting her, I have this problem. Which it looks like I'll have for the rest of my life, till the day I die....

O, perish that thought. Johnny'd heard it all before, but he'd never heard schizophrenia described like that.

The trooper, soldiering through. She'd once run screaming from the TV room after watching a show about people who heard voices and talked to them. What else could she mean? Halitosis?

Her worker wandered off into another part of the building, probably to get a coffee. Seeing Johnny, her personality changed. She turned cheerful, and friendly. The sort you'd want to be your pal. Johnny knew split personality didn't exist, except as a con to manipulate workers with. Like now.

How are yuh, JOHNNY?